

Dear Daniel, I want to make it clear
to you that the "wall of silence" that
you refer to is not meant to keep
you or anyone else out but to keep
myself in. While I constructed the wall
of silence from materials which I
found all around me, it is primarily
a measure of self-preservation without
which I could not attain a degree
of function in the limited the
in which I do. It is like the
hibernating reflex of certain animals, lest
which reduces their respiration, lest
which reduces

And, isolationism is a minimum
so that they can survive the winter,
so that they can happen to be perennial
only my winter happens to be perennial
terms
Oh I might put it in economic terms
since you are preparing an impossible
I found myself with an impossible
disparity between my psychological
expenditures and my psychological
income, so I had to go to
psychological expenditures to the bone to
balance my life budget. Inevitably

2

I had to decide on an order of priorities.
My chief priority is not self preservation
- It is just a means to an end
which is the continuation, preservation
and possible future organization
of an intermational trickle of intellectual
life which is a sort of Intellectual ~~life~~
Journal which I hope tried to keep
for more than 8 years.
In order to be able to serveil an
occasional, illigithe hostile comper

...
~~the~~ paragraph in my growing pile of
note-books in which I have picked
to concentrate into ~~one~~ a few sentences
What is usually put into a book
most writers, when they are serious
thinkers and not mere verbalists - are
talented and very necessary transmission
belts for the thinkers. A truly new
rare creative thinkers upon the
creative thought bursts as rarely as a
~~an~~ intellectual heavens as rarely as a
Super Nova bursts upon the astronomical

answer twenty years; I think that I have

This is the first letter ten years
written to anyone in nearly ten years
except for a reply to a letter from
Sophia telling me about your accident several years
ago. I did not feel deeply for
you and the hurt that ^{too} keen
unavoidably inflicted on you - I
could not have mobilized myself
enough to write this letter - a very
difficult operation for me both ^{physically}
and psychologically. I am writing at

at the U. S. 4
some length because it will probably
be a very, very long time before
I can afford another such
general mobilization,
Alter

Alton Brophy Hotel
Capitol Hill
146 W 87th St
New York N. Y.
10024

R-711



Professor Daniel J. B. Mitchell
Graduate School of Business Adm.
University of California - F. A.
Los Angeles California
90024

Airmail

Airmail

Dear Stanley

I have a lot to say
but all I can write at present
is that I look forward to seeing
you on June 22 as you suggest
preferably ~~at~~ in the afternoon as it
usually takes me that long to
organize myself physically and
neurologically
Sincerely and with regards
to Alice

Alta Brody

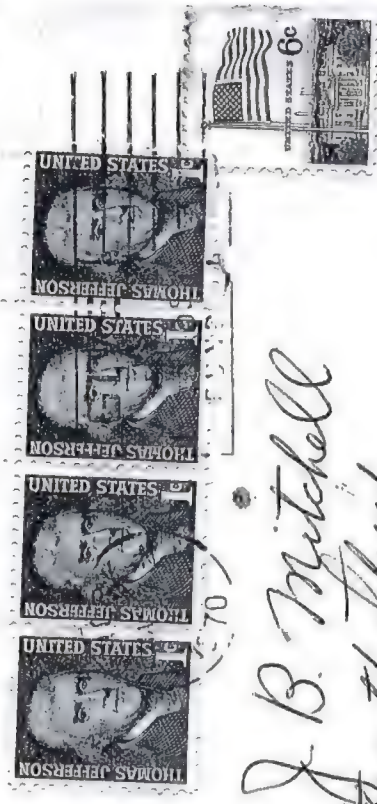
P.S. my telephone is BC4-1000



Allen Brady
166 W 87 St
Capital Hotel
Room 711
New York City
10024

Airmail

AEF



Mr Daniel J. B. Mitchell
1127 Fifteenth Street
Santa Monica
California
90403

Dear Daniel

All things considered the summer would be better. I was urgent for me to write to you as a sort of insurance against ~~the~~ a possible emergency. However, communicating with you about the matter and leaving from you takes much of the edge from the immediate situation.

With regards to Alice

Cordially
Alfred Brody

Alter Brady Hotel
Capital Hall Street
166 W. 87th Street
New York City
10024



Mr Daniel J. B. Mitchell
1127 Fifteenth Street
Apt 13
Santa Monica
California
90404

Dear Daniel,

When the relationship between your mother and me broke up 18 years ago, I decided that it was best for all concerned that I do not engage in the usual competitive struggle for the control of your mind and heart which a continued contact with you would result in and would postpone getting reacquainted with you until you are an autonomous individual psychologically a condition which would be ideally fulfilled when you got married. You can understand therefore how delighted I was to hear from your Aunt Sophie of your marriage with Alice - not only for your sake but for mine.

However at the very time I heard the good news and since ~~and~~ in fact right now as I am writing to you a ^{whole series of} ~~concentration~~ of catastrophic events have been happening to me which on the one hand make it terribly difficult for me to mobilize the necessary concentration to write to you and on the other hand makes it terribly urgent for me to write to you.

What practically forces me to write to you despite unimaginable obstacles is not my fast-deteriorating physical condition which is inevitable at my age, nor the paralyzing

interpersonal problems which are a daily ~~and~~
and nightly occurrence in my hotel which
like all similar hotels in the neighborhood
have become Welfare supported Nursing
Homes for Alcoholics, Psychopaths and
drug addicts some benign but ~~many~~
malignant in more sense than one. Nor
is it the glaucoma, belatedly recognized by
my ophthalmologist ^{though} I have been bringing it
to their attention years before - which is
steadily nibbling away what remains of
~~the~~ only eye which is not considered "legally
blind." What crowds all these purely personal
considerations particularly and because
of the last one is my anxiety about the
fate of some of the most valuable ^{most} original
and ^{potentially} decisive contributions tactically and
strategically to ~~all~~ the social sciences that
have been made this crucial century.

These are contained in definitively out-
lined form in dozens of notebooks in which
I have been keeping a sort of intellectual
diary which I have tentatively called
Encephalographs. But as sort of ~~show~~
Showcase Exhibition for editors and
publishers I have selected a score of these
notes and developed them in a prose form
of my own invention. A ~~prose~~ with the
Clarity and precision of mathematics

the rhythm of poetry the imagery of painting
and contrapuntal orchestration of ideas
like ~~that~~ ^{symphonic} of music. I may or may not have
succeeded in realizing these goals but this
has been my aim. In addition I have been
able to turn some of my "Encephalographs"
into straight poetry which is by far better
than any which I have ever written and
this included ~~also~~ my second unpublished
collection of poems written nearly 50 years
ago and having a foreword by Louis
Untermeyer declaring that this second
collection which for a variety of reasons
I did make the necessary effort to publish
is far better than my published "A Family
Album" which won me a national
reputation for a decade.

Every minute every second I could ^{it took}
scrounge from the 24 hours ^{a day job which occupied}
~~me~~ just to keep ^{me} going - went to my work and I
was hoping on well-substantiated grounds
that I would be able to make another
literary and intellectual comeback after
many years of eclipse as I have done
several times in the past but on a far larger
scale and on a far wider horizon. Then a
whole series of personal and physiological
catastrophes occurred of which glaucoma
was the dominating factor not so much

because of the constant loss of vision in my one usable eye but that it introduced a variable into my optic problem which reduced to near zero the possibility of achieving any ^{lasting} armistice between my two irreconcilable fields of vision called diplopia.

I have not however given up and never will give up the struggle and I still hope even under the present circumstance to find the necessary spare energy both for the creative and critical job of completing more exhibits for my "show-case" and the terribly tedious physically difficult job of getting published somehow and somewhere. I rely on the power, originality, and ^{as regards the} beauty of my work to force attention. Though I am fast losing my "one eye" I consider myself the "One-eyed man among the blind" in the fields of the Social Sciences. Despite my chronic diplopia and present glaucoma I have always been able to see the whole elephant of the Hindu fable while the blind wise men of the Social Sciences see a trunk or a tail or a tusk or a leg and visualize the whole elephant in ~~the~~ terms of the limb they are touching.

In conclusion I am reaching out to you not just as a father to a son but as ^{your} ~~an~~ intellectual to another intellectual a

"soul brother" to ~~and~~ borrow a ^{"flood"} ~~temporary~~ ^{legion} ~~army~~. All through the proletarian thirties and forties when I became for a time the Walter Lipman of the Left I always remained as I think your mother was aware - a not so secret C I A agent, a Central Intelligence Agent ^{all my life} for the only State to which I ever swore allegiance The State of Mind. At this juncture in history there is a "Clear and present danger", that the Intellectual Revolution for which I tried to build an ideological base may be aborted into Fascism by the antics of the "Sorcerers Apprentices" of the Intellectuals who may start something that they cannot finish. However it is not entirely the fault of the students for rushing in like fools when their ^{guardian} angels feared to tread. For years I have felt in my little hotel room like the group of physicists around Fermi and Oppenheimer in the Manhattan Project and at Los Alamos trying to produce a chain reaction and a "bomb" ~~and~~ before the Nazi chain "reaction" sets in.

I am therefore asking and hoping that if you find time during the Easter vacation or during the Summer to drop in on me at my Hotel mat

Capital Hall Hotel 166 West 87th St.
 Room 711 between Amsterdam and
 Columbus Avenue so that we might arrange
 for you to act as executor of my intellectual
 estate in case of need

With regards to Alice
 Cordially

your Father,

P.S. you might be interested to know that
 on the flyleaf of the first notebook
 I started in 1953 I wrote as title

Testament to a Son

P.P.S. Do not take this prolix letter as an
 example of my prose. You may be familiar
 with the witicism "I am writing you a long
 letter because I have no time (in this case ^{no} the
 energy) to write you a short one. I am however
 enclosing a poem written for the boy that
 I was and the boy I thought you were
 and perhaps the boy that your son
 will be

AB

My telephone is Lc 4-1000

Alfred Brooks
166 W 87th St
New York City
10024

Alfred Brooks
166 W 87th St.
New York City
10024



Prof. Daniel J. B. Mitchell
1127 Fifteenth Street
Santa Monica California
90403

Dear Daniel

I am writing this note to
you hastily in the hope that it will
reach you before you leave Calypso
and for the same reason I am
addressing this to your home instead
of to the University. I will look
forward to seeing you again and
meeting Alice when you are in
New York. As I perhaps explained
last year I am not "all there" till
after 2 or three in the afternoon for
a variety of physiological reasons.
Anytime after will do. My telephone
is SE 4-1008.

Cordelia

Alfred Birney

Dear Daniel I have been waiting
and am still waiting for an opening
in my many-cloudbed ~~sky~~ ^{sky} to write to you but all I can
do is to continue to write to
you indirectly in the form
of scrawls in my ~~so~~ notebooks.
Instead I am enclosing in
the meantime in two separate
envelopes a group of poems
and a group of "prose essays"
which have been typed for me
years ago though they are
~~have~~ developed out of notes
written decades ago.

Rememter me to Alice and
tell her I am banking on her
background as a librarian to be
of help in helping you to make
the necessary excavations in
my notebooks.

Cordially

Alfred Brody

(1)

March 11, 1970

Dear Father,

I was most distressed to learn of your illness. A letter from Sophie arrived a couple of days before yours which mentioned your operations, and I was considering writing to you. Of course, I would be glad to act as ~~executor~~ ~~of~~ your work. Even more than that, I look forward to seeing you after all these years.

As you probably know, I am an assistant professor at the Graduate School of Business Administration, U.C.L.A. This is my second year there. I received the doctoral degree from M.I.T. in economics in June 1968. My major area at UCLA is industrial relations. Currently, I am teaching a course in labor economics.

Alice and I were married in August 1966. We lived for two years in Brookline, Massachusetts while I worked on my thesis. While at M.I.T., I met a visiting professor from UCLA who recruited me to my present position. We have been living for the past year and a half in Santa Monica, a few blocks from the ocean.

Alice is a librarian. She is presently working at a library for the movie industry operated by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts + Sciences. I met her while I was a senior at Columbia. She was at Barnard.

(2)

UCLA is operated under what is known as the "quarter" system. This means that there are four terms of 12 weeks per year. There is no Easter week vacation as a result. However, there will be a break between quarters in two weeks. I might be able to come during that period if you think it is urgent. The summer would be much more convenient if that were possible. I will have to be around UCLA during much of the summer due to a research project. But my schedule will be more ~~flexible~~ flexible than it is now. In addition, you probably will want to do some further organizing of your papers.

In any case, please be assured that I will do the best I can to follow your wishes concerning your work.

Sincerely
Daniel

Alter Roddy
166 W 87th St
New York City
10024



Professor Daniel J. B. Mitchell
1127 Fifteenth St
Santa Monica
California
90403



Dear Daniel:

I received your letter which I see is dated only a day or so before the quake just. I was anxiously wondering about you and Alice. I thought of phoning you which comes much easier for me than writing but I realized that the phones to California must be heavily clogged and our lobby phones are perpetually out of order and are put out of order by coincidence the very soon as they are repaired.

For many months I have been adding onto an ^{unsorted} envelope with a collection of short metaphysical prose pieces which I call, *Palms* to be numbered I II III IV etc of which there are hundreds in an unperfected form on my notetook. These which I now enclose are a few which I have managed to have typed and retyped into finished form (which is not possible for me to do unless it is typed before). This means that all my enclosures are at least 6 years old. This is because my typist a dear friend of mine a rare person in whose presence I can think as I dictate a sort of Postyafskian shorthand type (she happens to be Russian-daughter of a Pennsylvania Rutenian coal miner) who was a serious psychiatrist

case whom I nursed back to ~~horizontal~~
health and efficiency has since broken
down again and again coincidentally
and consequentially with my own physical
breakdowns and operations in 65 and 69
which means that since 65 I have been as
much preoccupied with her problems as
with my own and whatever notes I keep
scrawling on my notebook are in the meantime
gathering dust. This has become particularly
disturbing lately. For not a week passes
but I hear on radio interview shows
of "Controversial" books getting national
attention which handles tangentially and
superficially ^{and} one-dimensionally one facet
of a subject which I handle in
all its complexity in all its parameters
in a single paragraph sometimes in a
single sentence in my notebooks. I have with-held
mailing this enclosure in my vain hope that the
crisis atmosphere in which I operate ^{might}
ease for a while so that I could comment
adequately about the book of ~~essays~~
essays you sent me and other ^{your} papers. I am still
waiting for that moment. In the meantime I
hope that Alice and you and your home have
safely weathered the quake

Cordelia
Alte

THE FACE OF GOD

"To look upon the face of God" is the dream of Man's mind, and its nightmare. For there is always the fearful possibility that He might turn out to be faceless, and mindless as well. That is why it is written: "Men cannot look upon the face of God and live". It is ~~the divine secret that Man, that curious Ape, shrank from discovering.~~ the one ~~fact about God is Nature, but Man could never see.~~ For God is Man's face in the mirror of Nature. It is like looking in the bathroom mirror, while shaving one day, and suddenly not seeing one's face in it.

BRONCO

That Man's attempt to be God is foredoomed to ^{Come to} a cropper, does not lie in the inevitable retribution which this presumption would bring down upon his head from a jealous God for what the Greeks called Hubris ^{for what} ~~and~~ Christian theology calls Luciferian pride--but rather in the sheer incompatibility between the Universe that he aspires to mount and the cunningly contrived harness of his rationality, which fits himself rather than his mount. For the Universe is a wild unbroken Chimera ^{a bronco} ~~which~~ will not submit to any rider--God or would-be God, for the simple reason that its cosmic anatomy has no place in it for saddle or bridle or spur.

PASSION IN THE NURSERY

When Neitzche cried that "God is dead" it was not the triumphant warwhoop of an intellectual warrior bending over the fallen body of his enemy but the cry of a terrified child, waking, to find himself alone in an empty house.

LAMENT FOR A GOD

God is dead, God the Father dead like his Son before Him who was done to death by indifference and rejection rather than by the nails of his cross. But it is not modern man who rejects God but Mother Nature whose body Man has been so passionately exploring with the hot hands of science--Nature has turned on modern man and rejected the God of Purpose and Order and Reason, the God that man has created in his own image and which he was trying to beget upon the body of his unresponsive Mother. God is dead but modern man who trumpets the news is the one who is most bereft over his own discovery. This is the origin of the existential dread that now fills the heart of contemporary man. With the vicarious death of God--Man's "image" both in the biblical and the Madison Avenue sense of the word, man finds himself a ghost without identity without a passport haunting an alien Universe that refuses to recognize him, his State of Mind and its royal Pretender--God.

COSMIC EDIPUS

What Man calls Science is the urge to "know" Nature in the Old Testament sense of the word--the overpowering itch to force open the penetralia of Nature and beget incestuously upon the passive unresponsive, uncomprehending body of his Virgin Mother--Mother Nature--his own divine Son--the Prince of Law and Order, the High Priest of Causality who would usher in a Messianic era of Meaning and Purpose into the meaningless purposeless Godless anarchy of Nature--that is the Passion of Man, and his obsessional megalomaniac goal.

LABYRINTHS

Man, is not just a rational animal but an animal obsessed with rationality and like a paranoic he seeks to project his obsession on the rest of the world. But the further and the deeper his obsession propells him into the recesses of nature the more it is borne in on him that nature does not reciprocate his passion. As a result he finds himself alone, astray in a cosmic labyrinth where the Ariadne thread of reason, coiled in a gray hank in his skull can no longer follow him. And when he frantically tries to retrace his steps, seeking to regain the reassuring walls of his own mind, he finds himself lost in another labyrinth, confronting the horns of another Minotaur--the Man Bull of the Unconscious.

ANTIBODY

If Nature suffered from the same obsession with logic that Man does, the Universe would long ago have worked itself into a reductio ad absurdum and become one vast Rube Goldberg sort of Disneyland. If the Universe were a contraption wound up by a God which that logic-ridden obsessional neurotic--Man, created in his own image. But fortunately, both for Man and the world he must inhabit, whatever logic Nature spawns is only a halfbreed, the bastard of Chance--accidents that the rotary motion of time-space spins into periodicity and pattern, much as bits of broken glass bloom under a kaleidoscope into the rose-window of a cathedral. So Nature has a built-in antibody which prevents the endemic logicoeses that Man is prone to from infecting the rest of the Universe including the inner Universe of Man's psyche of which Man's conscious mind is only a part.

THE PASSION ACCORDING TO BRODY

"Forgive them, they know not what they do!" cried the Son of God to his Father from the Cross, and these words have often been quoted as the epitome of divine compassion. In fact as restated by St. Marx and St. Freud, they have become the credo of that contemporary secular religion which has largely supplanted Christianity and is known as Liberalism. But there is a hidden note of towering condescension verging on contempt in this dictum which has gone unheard and unnoticed both by Christians and Liberals. For there lurks in it the scornful inference that the sins of ignorance, the possessed fury of the Gadarene swine, whether they be peasants or priests, soldiers or scribes, procurators or presidents, are compulsive animal even chemical urges rather than spiritual decisions. Lacking the informed volition which is the pride of the human soul they are unworthy of divine or (according to the Liberal Version) of social retribution. And there is still another more profound more bitter inference also unnoticed in that cry from the Cross which must have played a vital part in the Passion of him who prided himself on knowing what he did and why. For, if unlike the run of men who are unaccountable for their acts, because "they know not what they do", you have attained to the heaven or hell of knowing what you do, you are totally and inescapably responsible for what you do. And whatever befalls you, there is no one to look to for pity or succor. Not from yourself certainly and not from God either. For if "you know what you do", you are God!

GOD IS MY PLAYMATE

God is a projection not only of what Freud called the Omnipotence of Thought, the compensatory illusion of wish-fulfilling power which characterizes both the infant and the primitive, but also of the underlying loneliness of thought. Man, finding his logic and purpose so alien to nature, finding himself alone in a universe that understands him even less than he understands it--invented, like a lonely only child, an imaginary brother, an invisible companion and playmate called God, who would talk his language, share his fancies and play his games. When man talks to God he is only an overwrought over-imaginative child, talking to himself.